

MAKAVELI

the don killuminati



In no way is this portrait an expression of disrespect for Jesus Christ.
-Makaveli

the 7 day theory

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[*crowd noise*]*

[Press release:]

In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".

Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.

Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.

Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me—Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.

Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.

The question everybody wants to know is:

Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac—rather Makaveli—was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]

It's not about East or West

It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

*[*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps*]*

These niggas is still fucking talking?
You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight
Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches
Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)
Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)
(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]

Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don
Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an
Niggas get shook like 5-0
My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival
Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets
Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it
Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely
See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti
I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty
Born on a dope fiend's titty
In every city you'll find me
Look for trouble right behind me
My Outlaw niggas down to die for me
Know what I mean? I hit the scene
Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare
I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare
Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"
And not a whimper until I'm gone
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya
Should have never fucked with me
I want money, hoes, sex and weed
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

[2Pac:]

We bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to fight tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

[E.D.I. Mean:]

For so many days, in so many ways
We've been ducking strays they delivers
But still we some Bad Boy killers
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general
And I be a soldier on a mission
Sent to do what you'll never do
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch
Yo, I'm dying with yours
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"
If you ain't in this rap game
For the motherfucking cash, mane
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?
Non can serve us
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

[2Pac:]

Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!
Then we ride
Come on, bring it
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

[Young Noble:]

Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough
Half rapper, half drug kingpin
You're telling fairy tales, dunn
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?
But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard
Trying to creep through these halls and brawls
Without scarred by a revolve
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

[2Pac:]

Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

[Start of "Hail Mary"]

Let us pray, my niggas
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Hail Mary"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital Joe, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Makaveli in this, Killuminati
All through your body
That blows like a 12-gauge shotty, feel me!
And God said he should send his one begotten son
To lead the wild into the ways of the man
Follow me! Eat my flesh, flesh of my flesh!

[2Pac:]

Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]

I ain't a killer, but don't push me
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin' pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it
Bow down, pray to God, hopin' that he's listenin'
Seein' niggas comin' for me
Through my diamonds, when they glistenin'
Now pay attention: bless me please, Father, I'm a ghost
In these killing fields, hail Mary, catch me if I go
Let's go deep inside the solitary mind of a madman
Screams in the dark, evil lurks, enemies see me flee
Activate my hate, let it break to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim
Some say the game is all corrupt and fucked in this shit
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit
Plus, mama told me never stop until I bust a nut
Fuck the world if they can't adjust, it's just as well, hail Mary

[2Pac:]

Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]

Penitentiaries is packed with promise-makers
Never realize the precious time that bitch niggas is wastin'
Institutionalized, I live my life a product made to crumble
But too hardened for a smile
We're too crazy to be humble; we ballin'
Catch me, father, please, 'cause I'm fallin' in the liquor store
Pass the Hennessy, I hear you callin', can I get some more?

Hell, 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there
I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do?
One life to live, but I got nothin' to lose
Just me and you on a one-way trip to prison, sellin' drugs
We all wrapped up in this livin', life as thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max doin' their bid
Raise hell to this real shit and feel this
When they turn out the lights, I'll be there in the dark
Thuggin' eternal through my heart; now hail Mary, nigga!

[2Pac:]

Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[Kastro:]

They got a APB out on my thug family
Since Outlawz run these streets like these scandalous freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down, K-blasted off of Hennessy and Thai chronic
Mixed in, now I'm twisted, blistered and high
Visions of me, thug-livin', gettin' me by
Forever live, and I multiply, survived by thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they comin' with slugs

[Young Noble:]

Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me
Brain kind of cloudy, smoked out, feelin' rowdy
Ready to wet the party up
And whoever in that mothafucka, nasty new street slugger
My heat seeks suckers on the regular
Mashin' in a stolen Black Ac' Integra
Cocked back, 60 seconds 'til the draw
That's when I'm deadin' ya, feet first
You've got a nice gat, but my heat's worse
From a thug to preachin' church
I gave you love, now you eatin' dirt
Needin' work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on
'Cause word is bond
When I was broke, I had to hustle 'til dawn
That's when the sun came up, there's only one way up
Hold your head and stay up
To all my niggas, get your pay and weight up

[Kadafi:]

If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate

[2Pac:]

Come with me!

Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see

What do we have here now?

Do you wanna ride or die?

La la-la-la la la la la

[Prince Ital Joe:]

We've been travelin' on this weary road

Sometimes life can be a heavy load

But we ride, ride it like a bullet

Hail Mary, hail Mary

We won't worry, everything will curry

Free like the bird in the tree

We won't worry, everything will curry

Yes, we free like the bird in the tree

We runnin' from the penitentiary

This is the time for we liberty; hail Mary, hail Mary!

[2Pac:]

Westside, Outlawz

Makaveli the Don, solo

Killuminati, The 7 Days

Thanks to Sm_gregory, sdcv, aftaita_1, Benu for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Paquette, Bruce Washington, Tyrone J. Wrice

2Pac Lyrics

"Toss It Up"

(feat. K-Ci, JoJo, Danny Boy Steward, Aaron Hall)

[2Pac:]

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big-ass
Conglomerate called Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who's he coming through right now?
Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

[2Pac:]

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied your phone number, I can't help but call
Time for action, conversating, we relaxing, kicking back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that
Tongue-kissing, hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you moving in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweating up the sheets, it's the Thug in me
I mean no disrespecting when I tongue-kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect?
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, getting busy in the parking lot
And don't you love it how I lick your hips and glide?
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got you lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shaking, back-breaking
When we're tossing it up

[Danny Boy:]

Feel this baby, I like the way it's going down
When nobody's around, slip-slide ride
Giving me that nice smile
Female I like, what I want to give all night
You and me alone, everybody's gone, toss it up
Baby let's get it on!

[Jojo:]

I like the way you please me, baby
The sexy way you tease me, shorty
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me, baby

[Danny Boy & JoJo:]

I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up

I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up

[Bridge:]

Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on

[K-Ci:]

Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm, that want you lady
Oh, don't act so shady
Baby, your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

[Aaron Hall:]

Nasty man, I'm here again
Don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady, lady
Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty titillating delight-ah
Back it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me

[K-Ci & Aaron Hall:]

I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
So won't you play on

[2Pac:]

How do you want it? What's your phone number? I get around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searching for paydays
No longer Dre Day: arrivederci
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plotting Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gonna run to?
Laugh at you suckers cause you similar
Pretending to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature
Screaming "Compton", but you can't return, you ain't heard?
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushing you

Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust? Only time reveals
Toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

[2Pac:]

Yeah no doubt
Toss it up now

Play on playa, play on

How can some non-players do a song about tossing it up
And then want to do a player song?

(you so fat, you and Lil' Kim need a weight scale to lay down in bed

We are not little kids, you fat ass, you feelin' threatened)

How can non-players do it? (you know who I'm talking bout)

Teddy Riley, who? Puffy? Who?

Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon

You still ain't touching us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street, boy

It's on! Toss it up, we took you on

And we took y'all beat (toss it up)

You know who beat we took, and we took y'all beat

Cause you wasn't rocking it right! (toss it up now)

Tired of suckers rocking beats that don't belong to them, toss it up, it's on, it's out there now, it's our beat now

Yeah, toss it up now!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Hailey Joel Lamonte, Hailey Cedric R, Moore Reginald Devell, Hall Aaron Robin, Steward Danny
Boy, Shipp Demetrius Antoine

2Pac Lyrics

"To Live & Die In L.A."

(feat. Val Young)

"Street Science, you're on the air. What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's new one?"

"I love 2Pac's new record."

"Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West? I mean, he's talking about killing people, 'I had sex with your wife' — and not in those words. But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'..."

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A., California
What you say about Los Angeles?
Still the only place for me
It never rains in Southern California

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A.
Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark
Cold-hearted 'bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend
Tryin' to floss on him, blind to a broken man's dream
A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin'
Plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'
Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writin' again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down sunset, likin' the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga?
Got me lost in Hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail

[Val Young (2Pac):]

(My angel sing)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)

You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]

It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central L.A. can't get no stranger
Full of drama, like a soap opera, on the curb
Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear, the pen right across from hell

I can't cry, 'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now
Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love women
'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him
We might fight amongst each other
But I promise you this: we'll burn this bitch down
Get us pissed, to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]

(My angel sing)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]

It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans
Black love, brown pride, and the sets again
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke
I'm on some bullshit out for everything they owe
Remember K-day? Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK?
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being shown, nigga, love your hood!
But recognize and it's all good
Where the weed at? Niggas gettin' shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this mothafucka permed out
M.O.B., Big Suge in the Lo-Lo, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, O.F.T.B.
They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tray, Heron, Big Buntry too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly; to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(Let my angel sing)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(And my angels go)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(To live and die in L.A.)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(Let my angel sing)

[2Pac:]

This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit
Makin' my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga
All the real motherfuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all y'all mothafuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
L.A., "California Love" part mothafuckin' two
Without gay ass Dre
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)

Thanks to ericmphomas, Ammar Ahmed for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young

2Pac Lyrics

"Blasphemy"

(feat. Prince Ital)

["To Live & Die in L.A." fades out*]*

[Snipped of a religious TV show:]

God has a plan, and the Bible unfolds that wonderful plan through the message of prophecy
God sent Jesus into this world to be our savior and that Christ is returning someday soon To unfold the wonderful
plan of eternity
For my life and your life
As long as we're cooperating with God by accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and savior unless the
Lord does return in the coming seven days
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

[2Pac:]

2Pac, don't start that blasphemy in here!
Makaveli, the new breed
And I remember what my pops told me
The new word, follow me
Remember what my pops told me

[2Pac:]

My family tree consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers
Strugglin', known to hustle screaming, "Fuck they feelings!"
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this
Nigga, get off your ass if you plan to be rich!
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two
Know niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do
Now, rule one: get your cash on, M.O.B.
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy
Now rule two is a hard one: watch for phonies
Keep your enemies close, nigga, watch your homies
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled
Picture jewels being handed to an innocent child
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall
Or come to grips with bein' written on my enemy's walls
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn
Ain't nothing free, get back what you earned
No doubt, getting higher than a motherfucker, bless me please
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain (blas-blas-blasphemy, blasphemy)
(Remember what my pops told me)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

[2Pac:]

We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowing
Everybody kissing ass to go to Heaven ain't going
Put my soul on it, I'm fighting devil niggas daily
Plus the media be crucifying brothers severely
Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin
We got evicted had to leave the 'burbs, back in the ghetto
Doing wild shit, looking at the sun, don't pay
Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day
They say Moses split the Red Sea
I split the blunt and rolled a fat one up deadly
Babylon beware, coming for the Pharoah's kids
Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did
Still bullshittin', niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs
God coming, she's just taking her time (haha)
Living by the Nile while the water flow
I'm contemplating plots wondering where the thought'll go
Brothas getting shot, coming back resurrected
It's just that raw shit, nigga, check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)
Using the name of the lord in vain
(Remember what my pops told me)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
(what!)

[2Pac:]

The preacher want me buried, why? Cause I know he a liar
Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire
Why you got these kids' minds thinking that they evil?
While the preacher being freaky you say "honor God's people"
Should we cry when the Pope die? My request
We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X
Mama, tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop?
Waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop?
Memories of a past time, giving up cash to the leaders
Knowing damn well they ain't gonna feed us
In my brain how can you explain time in B.C
It's hard enough to live now in these times of greed
They say Jesus is a kind man
Well, he should understand times in this crime land
My Thug nation, do what you gotta do, but know you gotta change. Try to find a way to make it out the game
I leave this, and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another door? I leave this here
I leave this, and hope God see my heart is pure
Is Heaven just another door? And my people say...

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)
Using the name of the lord in vain
(Can't I remember what my pops told me, blasphemy)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Our father, who art in heaven
Hallow be thy name
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us this day, our daily bread
As we give up our debts
As we forgive our debt-ors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us unevil
For God is the kingdom and the power
And the glory forever and ever and ever

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J, Paquette Joseph

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Of An Outlaw"

(feat. Outlawz)

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Why explain the game
Niggas ain't listenin', stuck in positions
If victims can't stand the heat then stay the fuck out the kitchen
Half these busters switchin', lookin' at me mean
Itchin', givin' suckers plenty space
Have these bitch niggas snitchin'
Where are we now, guns found daily
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me
For sellin' dope they backwards
Make track burst, whenever I rap
Attack
Words bein' known to explode on contact
Extreme at times
Blinded by my passion and fury
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin' my jewelry
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me
Truely effective
The shit you heard ain't do me justice
Got a death wish, bitch
Run but face, being traced, by the infrared beam
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team
Ain't nobody holdin' you back, explode the track to confetti
Unload it
Cause niggas ain't ready
The life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Code 3

Attack formation
Pull out your pistols
Keep an eye out for the devils cause they itchin' to get you
Merciless madman screamin' kamikaze in tongue
Automatic gunfire makin' all my enemies run
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin'
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream
Dope got me hatin' fiends
Scheme with my team, just a chosen few
My foes victim of explosives

Come closer
Exhale the fumes
We got memories fadin' fast
A slave for cash
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash
Don't look now. How you like it, raw
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws
Never surrender
Death before dishonor, stay free
I'm thugged out
Fuck the world cause this is how they made me
Scarred but still breathin'
Believe in me and you could see the victory
A warrior with jewels
Will you picture me?
Life of and outlaw

In the life we live as thugs (no doubt)
Everybody fuckin' with us (yes!), so can't you see (life of an outlaw)
It's hard to be a man (soldiers in position, attack formation)
Ridin' with my guns in hand
(No retreat, no surrender)

[Young Noble:]
City under siege
It's like I can't even breathe
I'm from the state of car thieves
G, deep from the street
Plenty beef
I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime scene
Mobb peep
This nigga from behind tryin' to creep
No half-wits, no straps, jack
It's on to bounce back
An ounce of wrath so bad, it snatched my style on death
Tell the reaper I was sent to get ya
Snip with clippers
Get the picture
I wrote my life down as a scripture

[E.D.I. Mean:]
And still I'm lost in the land of the lonely
Where ain't nobody holy
A matter of a fact, we unholy
Everybody livin' soley for themselves
Too high strung to lend help
To somebody who be needin' it
You know we lost hope and we needin' it
Wit' the evil it's forever
But it might be low down, scandalous
Like a tramp is
All for the street fame on how to be managed
To plan shit
6 months in advanced to what we plotted
Approved to go on swole and now I got it

[Kastro:]

Uh, crack my window
Knowin' they'd love to catch Kastro sleepin'
Attach a strap under my pillow hand to hand like we freakin'
Creepin' deep into mornin'
Peepin' out the weak while they yawnin'
And let my clout speak for itself
No doubt
Outlaw
Outta my mind, outta time
You're all blind
Some kind of life of mine if K-Dog don't mind
Findin' it funny, matter of fact, cause it is
Perhaps finally I'll adapt to it over the years as an outlaw

[(2Pac) Napoleon:]

(Eh, Napoleon)
What's up, nigga?
(Would you die for me, nigga?)
Hell yeah
(Would you kill for me, nigga?)
On my grandmother, nigga
(Ah yo)
What's up
(Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now
Watch out)

[Napoleon:]

Well, now they all say that vultures and parasites
Snakes are all alike
Thug life break night
Drink 'til we fist fight
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest
But there won't be no breathin' for the reason
Punk bitch on your breath
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark
So chase the air hide your stash
Beware from [?] marks
And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left up in your belly
And let me bust back to them niggas 'til they all cold and sweaty

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man

Ridin' with my guns in hand

Thanks to KRAZY, iceman40ounce for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Just Like Daddy"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (E.D.I. Mean):]

Outlawz, go ahead, in this
No doubt
Death Row, Makaveli Records
(You can call me daddy, uh)
(I'll be ya daddy, that's right, uh)
(Just like daddy)
(Fo' the ladies)
Hahaha

[2Pac & Singer:]

Come with me and in time we'll grow
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
Sunshine turns to rain
Baby, I can take away ya pain
If ya trust me
Close ya eyes, feel the magic
Neva leave when ya need me
I'll do ya just like daddy

[E.D.I. Mean:]

I met her when she was younger
Real daddy died when she was younger
Her moms let her do what she please, an' seen no one loved her
Her eyes shined of love, a diamond in the rough
The kind that you could love; not yet touch, but so much, potential
Youngster let me guide ya mental
And to a place, with a sourness of pain you'll never taste
By God's grace, you was born with that face
Nothin' but pure beauty; so for an eternity, I feel it's my duty
To be a souljah (souljah) yeah, baby got plans to mold ya
In the coldest nights is when I hold ya
Like I'm supposed to, as we roll closer
I'll take yo' hand gladly, anything you need, ask me
Supportin' my baby girl just like daddy

[Makaveli:]

To alleviate the stress, spendin' time wit' you, I feel blessed
When you gone, feel the pain so strong deep in my chest
When I got arrested, came so close to goin' to jail
Throwin' blows at the po-pos breakin' ya nails
Screamin' loud goin' all out, damn I did
You stayed locked down at moms house, watchin' the kids
Through the whole bid in the V-I, I see ya daily
While my fake homies try to fuck you, you run and tell me
That's why I stay committed, I thank God every time I hit it
Hopin' you'll forgive me for all the times I bullshitted

Me and you against the world, we untouchable
Screamin' like you dyin' every time I'm fuckin' you
Ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there
No need to fear so much insanity, and through the years
I know ya gave me your heart, plus
When I'm dirt broke and fucked up, ya still love me

[2Pac & Singer:]

Come with me and in time we'll grow
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
Sunshine turns to rain
Baby, I can take away ya pain
If ya trust me
Close ya eyes, feel the magic
Neva leave when ya need me
I'll do ya just like daddy

[Yaki Kadafi:]

Boo, would ya die for me?
Down holdin' my pistol, gettin' high
With mean sounds tougher than bristles
But when you cry I'll be ya tissue
Back in the county written letters, how I miss you
Givin' you credit, apologetic how I diss you
Kiss you for thinkin' like a mona and on a level
And sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilation
For a total twine ya, we right behind ya true
Life just me and you, no tellin' what we could do
Gettin' high between the sheets, make the shit right here discrete
Puttin' hickeys on ya belly while we fuckin' on the beach
I love it when ya nut up and grab me
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy

[Young Noble:]

Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya, lost soul lookin' for shelter
On late night accept it, treat ya good, won't disrespect ya
My age is young, out of place bitch days is done
From a trixy to a missy, you know I raised ya hun
Placed her under my wing, showed her how we swing
Now she rolling blunts for her king
One day labelled thug misses, the essence of my ghetto sisters
Hugs and kisses, that's just for me to be a father figure

[2Pac (Singer):]

(Just like daddy) come with me and in time we'll grow
(Just like daddy) Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
(Just like daddy, c'mon) Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
(just like daddy. Sunshine turns to rain)
(Baby, I can take away ya pain just like daddy)
(If ya trust me)
(Just like daddy, come on. Close ya eyes, feel the magic)
(Neva leave when ya need me)
(I'll do ya just like daddy)

[2Pac:]

C'mon

Throw ya hands up

Put ya hands up

Throw ya hands up

Put ya hands up

Throw ya hands up

Put ya hands up

Put ya hands up

Throw ya hands up

Where my sistas?

Where my sistas at?

Where my sistas?

Where my sistas at?

Where my sistas?

Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Where my sistas?

Where my sistas at?

Where my sistas?

Where my sistas at?

Where my sistas?

Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Come On

Yes

Yes, just like daddy

Yes, throw ya hands in the air, come on

Outlawz in this mutha fucka (Yes!)

No doubt!

Kadafi, Hussein, Makaveli, Napoleon, Marvaless, EDI, Kastro, Khameleon, Storm, Yeah the bitch check

No doubt get yo money

Throw yo hands in the air

Yeah, just like daddy baby

Know you got somewhere to go tonight

Cause you a thug nigga, thug nigga that loves niggas!

Hahahahahaha

Come on

Just like daddy

Outlawz baby, outlaws, outlaws outlaw, outlaw

Throw ya hands in the muthafuckin' air

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Krazy"

(feat. Bad Ass)

[2Pac:]

Throw me a cigarette, dawg! [**inhales**]
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker
I got Bad Azz in this motherfucker
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz
Bad Azz representin' the LBC Crew
So what'cha wanna do? Y'know how we do it

[2Pac:]

Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

(Tell 'em about it!)

[2Pac:]

Last year was a hard one, but life goes on
Hold my head against the wall, learnin' right from wrong
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids
As if they can't see the misery in which they live
Blame me for the outcome, ban my records – check it
Don't have to bump this, but please respect it
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded
Hennessy got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'
Rollin' in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke
I came a long way, but still I got so far to go
Dear mama, don't worry; I'ma watch for snakes
Tell Setchu that I love her, but it's hard today
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks
This what came out when I tried to speak – all I heard was...

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga going' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

(One, two, three, four)

[2Pac:]

I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill
Lookin' for a better way
My brothers and sisters, it's time to bail
'Cause even thug niggas pray
Hopin' God hear me, I entered the game
Look how much I changed
I'm no longer innocent – casualties of fame
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face
When I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land
Your only son done became a man
Watchin' time fly, I love my people, do or die
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly
June 1-6, '7-1, the day
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga, get paid!"
No one can understand me – the black sheep
Outcasted from my family, now packin' heat
I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today
When he died, I could hear him say... (Thug Life, baby!)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Crazy
Crazy
Crazy
I feel crazy (crazy)

[Bad Azz:]

God, help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed
I need the root of all evil for my stress
'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted
Somethin' about the paper with the pictures of the president's head, damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that
spread
It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed
Makin' money makes a difference day by day
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die
A lot of my peers didn't make it to the years to come
Did life doin' right or did life livin' dumb
Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya
Or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road
(Why?) 'Cause they don't even know
A million things run through my mind (through my mind)

You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time
(You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy

[2Pac:]

I feel fucked up in this bitch
I smoked half a ounce to the head. Chocolate Thai, indo, Hawaiian, lambsbread, Buddha – all that shit!
I'm fucked up in this motherfucker
And Hennessy don't help
And Hennessy don't help
Thug Passion in this muh'fucker
Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest
Maximum overload
3 Day Theory – Killuminati to your body
With the impact of a 12 gauge shotty
Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugs

One time for my niggas in the jail cell, (One time for my niggas locked up)
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell, (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (One time)
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell (One time for my niggas locked down)
One time for my niggas on the Death Row
(One time for my niggas on the Row)
For my niggas on Death Row
One time for my niggas livin' broke (Westside, California style, LA!)
One time for my niggas livin' broke (You know what time it is, no doubt)
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (Get high, puffin' on lye)
Wonder if it get me high, yeah

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Harper Marvin Darrell, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stamps Jamarr Antonio

2Pac Lyrics

"White Man's World"

(feat. Big D The Impossible)

You go bustin' your fist against a stone wall
You're not usin' your brain
That's what the white man wants you to do
Look at you, what makes you ashamed of bein black

[2Pac:]

Nothin' but love for you my sister
Might even know how hard it is, no doubt
Bein' a woman, a black woman at that, no doubt
Shit, in this white man's world
Sometimes we overlook the fact that we be ridin' hard on our sisters
We don't be knowin' the pain we be causin'
In this white man's world
In this white man's world
I ain't sayin I'm innocent in all this
I'm just sayin'
In this white man's world
This song is for y'all
For all those times that I messed up or we messed up

[2Pac:]

Dear sister, got me twisted up in prison I miss ya
Cryin' lookin' at my niece's and my nephew picture
They say don't let this cruel world get ya, kinda suspicious
Swearin' one day you might leave me, for somebody that's richer
Twist the cap off the bottle, I take a sip and see tomorrow
Gotta make it if I have to beg or borrow
Readin' love letters; late night, locked down and quiet
If brothers don't receive they mail best believe we riot
Eatin' Jack-Mack, starin' at the walls of silence
Inside this cage where they captured all my rage and violence
In time I learned a few lessons, never fall for riches
Apologizes to my true sisters, far from bitches
Help me raise my Black Nation, reparations are due
It's true, caught up in this world I took advantage of you
So tell the babies how I love them, precious boys and girls
Born black in this white man's world - and all I heard was

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
In this world, where everyone's blind?
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
To let you know, that you're not alone

[2Pac:]

Only thing they ever did wrong (yes!, yes!) was bein' born black (no doubt), in this white man's world.
All my ghetto motherfuckers be proud to be black if you proud to have this shit like this, cause ain't nobody got it
like this (all my little Black seeds, born Black in the White man's world).
All these motherfuckers wanna be like us.
They all wanna be like us, to be the have naughts: all hail.

God bless the child that can hold his own, no motherfuckin' doubt

[2Pac:]

Bein' born with less, I must confess only adds on to the stress
Two gunshots to my homie's head, died in his vest
Shot him to death and left him bleedin' for his family to see
I pass his casket gently askin', is there heaven for G's
My homeboy's doin' life, his baby momma be stressin'
Sheddin' tears when her son, finally ask that questions
Where my daddy at? Mama why we live so poor
Why you crying? Heard you late night through my bedroom door
Now do you love me mama? Why they keep on calling me nigga?
Get my weight up with my hate and pay 'em back when I'm bigger
And still thuggin' in his jail cell, missing my block
Hearin' brothers screamin' all night, wishing they'd stop
Proud to be black but why we act like we don't love ourselves
Don't look around busta (you sucka) check yourselves
Know what it means to be black, whether a man or girl
We still struggling, in this white man's world

[2Pac:]

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
(Born black in this white man's world)
In this world, where everyone's blind?
(In this white man's world)
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
(In this white man's world)
To let you know, that you're not alone

[*megaphone*]

We must fight, for brother Mumia
We must fight, for brother Mutulu
And we must fight, for brother Ruchell Magee
We must fight, for brother Geronimo Pratt
We must fight, for [?], Zulu, [?]
We must fight, for countless political prisoners
Who are locked up falsely by this white man

[2Pac:]

So tell me why you
Changed to choose a new direction, in the blink of an eye
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die
Not gon' cry, why should I care
Like we holding on to lost love that's no longer there
Can you please help me, God bless me please keep my seeds healthy
Making all my enemies bleed while my G's wealthy
Hoping they bury me with ammunitions, weed, and shells
Just in case they trip in heaven - ain't no G's in hell
Sister sorry for the pain that I caused your heart
I know I'll change if you help me, but don't fall apart
Rest in peace to Latasha, Lil' Yummy, and Kato
Too much for this cold world to take - ended up bein fatal
Every woman in America, especially black
Bear with me, can't you see, that we under attack
I never meant to cause drama, to my sister and mama
Hope we make it, to better times, in this white man's world

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
In world, where everyone's blind?
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
To let you know, that you're not alone

[Khalid Abdul Muhammad:]

"You're out of touch with reality!
There are a few of you in a few smoke-filled rooms
Calling that the mainstream, while the masses of the people
--White and black, red, yellow and brown, poor and vulnerable-- are suffering in this nation."

[2Pac:]

Never that, in this white man's world, they can't stop us
We've been here all this time they ain't took us out
They can never take us out
No matter what they say, about us bein extinct
About us being endangered species, we ain't NEVER gon' leave this
We ain't never gon' walk off this planet, unless Y'ALL choose to
Use your brain, use your brain
It ain't them that's killin' us it's US that's killin' us
It ain't them that's knockin' us off, it's US that's knockin' us off
I'm tellin' you better watch it, or be a victim
Be a victim, in this white man's world
.. born black, in this white man's world, no doubt
And it's dedicated to my motherfuckin' teachers
Mutulu Shakur, Geronimo Pratt, Mumia Abu Jamal
Sekou Odinga, all the real O.G.'s, we out

[Minister Farrakhan - Oct. 17, 1995:]

The seal, and the constitution, reflect the thinking of the founding fathers, that this was, to be a nation by white
people, and for white people
Native Americans, Blacks, and all other non-white people were to be the burden bearers, for the real citizens of
this nation

Thanks to hoodiemobb, Trish Quinn, Dareal2face for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Me And My Girlfriend"

(feat. Virginya Slim)

[Virginya Slim:]

Shit, you mothafuckin' right!
I'm the bitch that's keepin' it live and keepin' it hot
When you punk-ass niggas don't
Nigga, westside! What?! Bring it on!

[2Pac:]

Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind

[2Pac:]

C'mon, our childhood years, recall the tears, heart laced with venom
Smoking sherm, drinking malt liquor, father forgive 'em
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin'
Fell in love with the struggle
Hands on the steering wheel, blush while she bail out bustin'
Fuck 'em all, watch 'em fall screamin'
Automatic gunfire exorcising all demons
My mafioso messiah, my congregation high, ready to die
We bail out to take the jail back, niggas united
Our first date, couldn't wait to see you naked
Touch you in every secret place, I could hardly wait
To bust freely, got you red-hot, you so happy to see me
Make the frontpage primetime live on TV
Nigga, my girlfriend, baby 45 but she still live
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop

[Virginya Slim:]

What?! I'm busting on you punk ass niggas
Run, nigga, run! I'm on your ass, nigga
Run, nigga! Duck and hide when I'm bustin' on all you bitches!
Run, nigga! Yeah, west side!
Uh! Uh! Uh! Die, nigga, die!

[2Pac:]

My girlfriend: blacker than the darkest night
When niggas act bitch-made she got the heart to fight
Nigga, my girlfriend, though we separated at times
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine
Picked you up when you was 9
Started out my life of crime with you
Bought you some shells when you turned 22
It's true, nothing compares to the satisfaction
That I feel when we out mashin'; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

I was too immature to understand your ways
Inexperienced back in the days
Caused so many arguments and strays
Now I realize how to treat you, the secret to keep you
Being faithful, 'cause now cheating's lethal
We're closer than the hands of time
Deeper than the drive of mankind
I trust you dearly, I shoot blind
In time I clock figures, dropping niggas as we rise
We all soldiers in God's eyes
Now it's time for war; never leave me, baby
I'm paranoid, sleeping with you loaded by my bedside, crazy
Jealous when you hang with the fellas, I wait patiently alone
Anticipated for the moment you come home
I'm waiting by the phone, this is true love, I can feel it
I've had a lot of women in my bed, but you the realest
So if you ever need me, call, I'll be there through it all
You're the reason I can stand tall; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

I love finger-fucking you, all of a sudden I'm hearing thunder
When you bust a nut, niggas be ducking or taking numbers
Love to watch you at a block party, begging for drama
While unleashing on the old-timers, that's on my mama
I would trade my life for yours, behind closed doors
The only girl that I adore, everything I'm asking for
Talking to me, begging me to just take you around
Seventeen, like Brandy, you just wanna be down
Talking loud when I tell you be quiet
You move the crowd, busting rounds, activating a riot
That's why I love you so, no control, down to roll, unleash
After a hit you, break apart, then back to one piece
Much love to my one and only girlfriend, the world is ours
Just hold me down, baby, witness the power
Never leave a nigga alone, I love you black or chrome
Turn this house into a happy home: me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

Lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Me and my girlfriend

Thanks to Luis for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Ricky Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Hold Ya Head"

(feat. Tyrone Wrice)

[Malcolm X prison scene:]

Yo, Jackson! A 231549
Yeah, close four! Comin' down!
Crichlow! A 5991301
Close five! Comin' down!

[2Pac:]

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island
All the Penitentiaries
Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon
All the political Prisoners
San Quentin (Look at Satan) (I see him)
All the jailhouses, I'm with you

[2Pac (Tyrone Wrice):]

Yeah, one thug, one thug
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
You're listenin' to the sounds of one thug
One thug, one thug, how do we get ahead?
You're listenin' to the sounds of...

[2Pac:]

I wake up early in the mornin', mind state so military
Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried
Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead?
If daytime is for suckers, then tonight we breathe
Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks
Look how they shiver once I deliver these raw raps
Meet me at the cemetery, dressed in black
Tonight we honor the dead, those who won't be back
So, if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears
An outlaw thug livin' in this game for years
Why worry? Hope to God, get me high when I'm buried
Knowin' deep inside only a few love me
Don't rush me to the gates of Heaven
Let me picture for a while, how I lived for my days as a child
I wonder now, how do we outlast?
Always get cash, stay strong if we all mash; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]

How do we keep the music playin'?
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast

[2Pac:]

These felonies be like prophecies

Beggin' me to stop, 'cause these
Lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us
Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flee when they notice
Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game ghost
Exposed foes with my hocus-pocus flows, they froze
Now suckers idolize my chosen blows
And mo' money mean litigatin', mo' playa hatin'
Got a cell at the pen' for me waitin'—is this my fate?
Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back?
Never that, too much tequila drinkin', we all that
Make them understand me? Hell nah, this ain't my posse
Everyone with me is family, 'cause everybody's got me
Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin'
Got us all meetin' up in prison
Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood
Sayin', "Please show a playa love"—hold ya head! (Hold it!)

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]

How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Come on, hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast
(The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'...)

[2Pac:]

God bless the child that can hold his own
Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome
Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds
Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed
Currency means nothin' if you still ain't free
Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me
I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally
Runnin' from authorities 'til they capture me
And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears
Utilize lessons learned from my childhood years
Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head
Tradin' conversations all night, bless the dead
To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll
Catch a brother at the crossroads
Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass
Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]

How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (C'mon, hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast
(You got to hold ya head!)
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead?

[2Pac:]

No matter how hard it get, feel me?
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book
Watch the stars, get some pussy—whatever!

Thanks to w4ck, lildarkblood, gkaya for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Anderson Daryl L, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Grochowski Stan Vincent

2Pac Lyrics

"Against All Odds"

To my niggas that went out in line on duty
21-gun salute! One love, one thug, one nation
(Let's get down, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, yeah, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, come on, let's do this!)
All the time I be...

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blown
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21-gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops
This little nigga named Nas think he live like me
Talking 'bout he left the hospital, took five like me
You live in fantasies, nigga, I reject your deposit
We shook Dre punk ass, now he out of the closet
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed 'em out
Next time grown folks talk, nigga, close your mouth!

Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
Done seen too many real players fall
To let these bitch niggas beat me
Puffy, let's be honest, you a punk
Or you will see me with gloves

Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a thug?
And you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want
But you and I know what's goin' on
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back
Witness me strapped with MAC's, knew I wouldn't play that
All you old rappers tryin' to advance
It's all over now, take it like a man
Niggas lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Tryin' to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick
Let it be known, this is how you made me
Lovin' how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds, hopin' my thug motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blown
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky, with a Haitian accent
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashin'
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was workin' for the feds
Same crime, different trials, nigga, picture what he said

And did I mention?
Promised to payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time
I know you bitch niggas is listenin', the world is mine
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up
Touch one of mine, on everything I love
I'll destroy everything you touch
Play the game, nigga; all out warfare, eye for eye
Last words to a bitch nigga: "Why you lie?"
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front
Here we come, gunshots to Tut, now you stuck
Fuck the rap game, nigga, this M.O.B
So believe me, we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote, against all odds

Puffy gettin' bribed like a bitch, to hide that fact
He did some shit he shouldn't have did, so we ridin' for that
And that nigga that was down for me, restin' dead
Switched sides, guess his new friends wanted him dead
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead
Lord, listen to me, God don't like ugly, it was written
Ayo, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers
Now you wanna live my life
So what's a "hasa", Nas? Niggas that don't rhyme right
You've seen too many movies
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes
Since you lie you die; goodbye!
Let the real live niggas hear the truth from me
What would you do if you was me? Nigga

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds

21-gun salute, one love to my true thug niggas
(Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!)
21-gun salute to my niggas that die in the line of duty
Representin' to the fullest, being soldiers with military minds
That play the rules of the game, 21-gun salute
I salute you, my niggas, stay strong
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for you
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin' for you

Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is
You touch me I'm at you
I know you motherfuckers didn't think I forgot
Hell nah, I ain't forgot, nigga
I just remember what you told me
You said don't go to war unless I got my money right
I got my money right now, now I want war

Thanks to the personal account for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J